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VOL. XXV.

No. I.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum meus grata uideat, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SORDLES, unanimique PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1859.

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CONTENTS.

Our Tendencies to Aristocracy, - - - - -	1
Something New, - - - - -	7
An Epistle to Di Sophroniscus, Esq., of Yale College, -	13
A Dream, - - - - -	19
Socrates Smith, Esq., or half an hour to late, - - -	21
On my Cigar, - - - - -	26
Who and Where? - - - - -	28
"To be Continued," - - - - -	30
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA, . - - - -	32
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -	39

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

OCTOBER, 1859.

No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

Our Tendencies to Aristocracy.

Καὶ τῷ μηδὲν ἰδιώτου λαμπρότερον ἡμφιέσθαι καὶ ὠπλίσθαι σεμνυνόμενος ἀξιολόγος ἦν.

Our College has been accused of aristocracy. The charge most general and most ancient, as well as most vague, came from that class of the community called at Oxford, "Cads," and with us rather too indefinitely, "townies." The language in which this accusation is couched, though hardly elegant or refined, is yet remarkable for simplicity and vigor, and the rapid utterance of concise Saxon expressions.

Unmistakable as it would appear to be of itself, when enforced as it usually is by grosser substances than logic, and missiles more abusive than invective, it cannot fail to convey an impression.

As a more polite expression of this feeling in their constituents, we may quote more than one debate among our State Legislators, and doubtless the closing of our old play ground—the green—is ultimately traceable to the same spirit. It would seem scarcely conceivable that the rulers of one of our oldest States, and one above others famed for the liberality of its educational system, should so utterly mistake the tendency and established ends of education, as to regard with apprehension its effects upon social equality; yet, while bountiful sup-

plies have been furnished from the educational fund to schools of no repute and a low standard—to the oldest, most honored, and, at the same time, most needy of American learned institutions, our State government has repeatedly denied relief; the ephemeral dignitaries answering in effect, that to endow any class of citizens with superior advantages is to build up an aristocracy, and that for the enlightenment of the common people alone was the fund intended. Thus has Yale been compelled not only to do battle with the prejudices and sectarianisms of two centuries, but at last to suffer neglect from those who should be her friends and supporters, who are, from year to year, ex-officio members of the Corporation. Thus far Yale does not suffer alone, for, unfortunately for Bishop Whateley's theory, if an existing institution happens to be a college the prejudices are inevitably against it. There probably has never been even a village school (although it may have received the benefit of the fund) where there has not been some rivalry, more or less openly expressed, corresponding to the maturer dissension of Oxford "town and gown" frays. But it has been brought to our charge that we are above other seminaries haughty in possession of the "dangerous thing," and, in one of our late exchanges, even the Lit. has been accused of "arrogance."

We propose to investigate briefly the grounds on which are based these charges—not that we expect to secure thereby an appropriation from the next Legislature, or by any means silence the epithets so fully scattered at street corners—but merely to discover wherein we may be at fault.

In simple justice to ourselves, we must premise, that envy, the meanest of all passions, is the primary instigator of much of this universal prejudice. It is knowledge, or the pursuit of it, that forms the grand distinction between us and other classes of the commonwealth, and it cannot be that this inclines us to dissensions. It has hardly been the history of the world, that enlightened races have been the more fierce or overbearing for their enlightenment, or men of science more assuming than Red Jacket and Canonicus. We cannot charge upon "clannish feeling" or proud bearing, all the insult; these, if they exist, are met and more than met by envious hatred. As Merlin says to Vivien,

"And then did envy call me Devil's son,"

but if Tennyson had heard Fleet street slang, he never would have contented himself with so feeble an epithet. Who can say that the firebrand of these jealousies is not sometimes another Helen? Yet

the existence of envy does not disprove our pride. But where do you find it? How is it manifested among us?

Does the stranger see aught of aristocracy, who looks upon the old rusty red-brick structures of woolen-mill architecture, hiding themselves as carefully as possible behind the more respectable elms, and boasting no ornament more costly than a shingled steeple and lath and plaster towers, nothing more elaborate than a yellow-washed museum? Is there vanity of dress? Can you see any foppery in an old hat slouched to windward in the rain? True, on rare occasions we get ourselves up miraculously, and perhaps some one unduly impressed with so unusual an event, is too conscious of his magnificence.

But it is the occasion which is responsible; there is no more pretense foppery in it than is displayed by the gorgeous equipments of scarlet and tinsel that gleam with grotesque magnificence in our night processions, flashing in the ruddy light only to fade as the torch fire dies, and in the sunrise forgotten, save for the commemorative streaks on faces still grimy with vermillion and lampblack, though more ludicrously haggard for the spots where in the hasty ablutions of the morning, soap and water happened to hit. One is far more liable to impeachment before our tribunals of costumery for neglecting suitable personal decorations in some ceremonial orgies, than for daily disrespect of fashionable tailoring. There is no broadcloth worship among us, and though there may be, even here, rare individual instances of overdress, it is in almost every case the interference of friends or our social position that makes us anything more than respectable, while public sentiment here is as far as possible from upholding that most snobbish of aristocracies whose blazonry is moneyed vanity, whose decorations are conferred by fashion. Wealth wins no respect, no admiration here, save as it may have bought more careful culture and more finished taste. Family, rank, travelled acquirements, as some have learned by a perhaps too rude experience, meet with the same levelling, which makes them nothing, and worse than nothing, if they do not show themselves in a deportment especially gentlemanly, and information more than ordinarily varied. Even our class distinctions, natural and accurately drawn as they in reality are, exist more as way-marks of our individual progress than as aristocratic barriers, and class superiority is claimed with a mock haughtiness which by its own overdrawn absurdity marks its irony, observing, as if in preparation for outer life, some degrees of rank in our mimic world.

Certainly, so far from our being special sinners in aristocracy of wealth or foppishness, we present a favorable contrast to some of our

neighbors—particularly to those from whom the fall of their societies has extorted the confession, "Nowhere else is the class so much a caste."

One of the world's keenest statesmen has declared "Boys are the only true democrats," and we may safely challenge any institution or people to show more thoroughly practical and fraternal equality than is to be found in this little commonwealth of ours; any more sensible grounds of distinction or nearer approach to harmony and concord, than among this "lawless set." Nowhere is the scholar so fairly measured, nowhere does ability command so well-judged respect, and so long as these division lines are just, what can prove our democracy more perfect, our lawlessness more orderly in its self control? If we be in fault, it is more frequently the fault of too radical liberals, too rash levellers. Extravagant pretensions, like extravagant decoration, and sometimes mock humility or excess of negligence, may excite our derision, but never real modesty, never the economy of a poor man.

How then shall there grow up as the fruit of our social equality, so nearly perfect among ourselves, that arrogance and aristocratic pride toward others of which we are accused? Does the excess of freedom breed aristocracy? Do republics train up autocrats? Least of all should we expect such fruit from literary culture.

The more men learn, the more they value every source as tributary to information, even the most ignorant men as bringing some small quota to the common stock; thus do they more despise the petty distinctions of pomp and ceremony—the more are fitted to enjoy and uphold the freedom and equality of social rights, the wider are their views, the more liberal and unbiassed their feelings—hence, the more refined and gentlemanly their bearing, the more delicate their perceptions of the feelings of others.

If we are chargeable with arrogance, it is because our education has failed in accomplishing one of its chiefest ends, or the first few years been too brief to bring it to its fruit bearing. It is in the first verdancy of *early* training that we feel too suddenly, not the elevation we have reached, but that to which we look forward, and impressed with all the greatness we mean to obtain, wear our honors with anything but accustomed grace, and, in such an uneasy transition state, look down on all outsiders as barbarians, with a truly Grecian contempt, before we are fitted to smooth it with the polish of Grecian refinement or make good our pretensions with an approximation to Grecian skill; for to be assuming loses half its insolence if assumption but be verified.

We seldom hear such complaint of scholars in their maturity, and it is probably in the earlier portion of even our college career, that we are all most foolish in our pride, and we are not prepared to admit that

this fault is either of very long continuance or entirely general in its distribution, while the measures here provided for the cure of specially prominent cases of unwarranted self esteem, though sometimes questionable in manner, are apt to be quite effective of their object.

There is cultivated by the trial and training of College life, a self reliance and consciousness of strength, which constitutes its most valuable endowment, and which can no where else be so fully attained, but which so often merges into contempt and vanity as to render it difficult to trace its real character or know how far its value is retained.

Without self respect no one can be respected—without a consciousness of his own abilities no one can achieve a bold success—above all, no one will trust him who trusts not himself, and thus not only self-confidence but a confidence in self-superiority must be an eminent trait in him who would attain the highest power of influence, the widest usefulness.

To one trained to regard knowledge as the ruling element, taught to feel his superiority and to make learning and culture the standard by which to estimate greatness, the rank stupidity and conceited ignorance of many men are a vexation nearly unendurable—tempting him to forget his dignity and temper together.

And to us, just beginning, in our newly acquired confidence, to measure men by these standards, there is such an indignant astonishment at finding so much of rascality as well as ignorance, that we are almost ready at times to adopt the motto of the profane Phenix, “The — fools are not all dead yet,” and become believers in total depravity. After the actual dissipation of our rich social intercourse here, who has ever met the usual throng of young men at a fashionable watering place, without at least strong inclinations, at times, to despise the whole of them, and, when tired of the usual gaieties, to make his dog or his horse an intimate companion, rather than subject himself to a flood of ignorant conceit? For of all conceit none is so disgusting as that of stupidity—and no one ever feels himself so much a fool as when he has absorbed the foolishness of another, while cultivating his own. But while there are those peculiar temptations to exercise an aristocratic contempt and assumption of superiority, we have still greater reasons for controlling these. Against these we are taught to guard ourselves, as destructive to the very power we would attain, the good we would accomplish, while our culture condemns the injustice to our fellow citizens, our fellow creatures. But we need not muster doctrines and precepts to quell this contempt; an honorable pride should of itself recall our dignity and remind us that it is an unphilo-

sopical verdancy to expect most men to know much, or show surprise, and blame them for the stupidity which we should expect.

But all aristocracies are not founded in overbearing insolence, are not of those abusive corruptions that "Buckler falsehood with a pedigree." There is a pride too proud for vanity. Agis was proud of being armed no more richly than a common soldier, and for it Plutarch calls him "admirable." So after all, since the Legislators say so, there may be pride lurking under our bad hats or within these crumbling walls, for they are "all honorable men."

We were insensible to the true nobility of our inheritance if we were not proud—proud of the halls that echoed to the tread of great men gone, proud of the elms that sheltered them, proud of the world-known fame they made, and the memories, the strange traditions they handed down to us, and all the prouder of the old walls that they are not grand, save in their venerableness, but, in the very rudeness of their poverty, give unimpeachable testimony of the trials and harsh dangers of the times when our fathers laid their foundations. In the rapid coming and going of college generations, associations cluster rapidly, and years are centuries in the pedigree of our aristocracy. In that honest pride, that made even the master of Woodstock more faithful in his loyalty, we are prouder than those who look upon a less noble past. The driver who points out to strangers the names cut in the bricks, and the door stones worn hollow by time, tells how proud we are of the days long ago, and these their remembrances.

If there is a pride among us of nobility and manliness, a pride that shall make us regard meanness with a bitterer scorn, that shall make us more incapable of anything low or contemptuous, that shall give us a nicer sense of individual honor in our care of the honor of our associates, and the institution that fosters us, let us cherish such a pride, which was the best legacy to the hero of Rugby; and if our aristocracy be founded in it, if the escutcheons of our nobility bear such impress of reality and worth, and be unstained by pretension or want of chivalric courtesy, we may well admit its existence, nor attempt to deny that we are, beyond other colleges, aristocratic.

But if it be confused with any tendency or even desire to overthrow social equality and common rights, we must confess our feeble appreciation, and only bow before the legislative powers that be, and reverently murmur "Great Shad!"

C. H. O.

For fear of any possibility of creating a misunderstanding in the mind of some ancient possessor of lucre, who may be contemplating a legacy to us, we would state that our pride is by no means unreasonable, and we should doubtless be very easily persuaded into the acceptance of granite or freestone edifices, to any amount which would please the donor.

Something New.

It is proposed to introduce a new system into our boating matters. A reformer must show the defects of the old, the superiority of the new, and the feasibility of the change.

Here, then, for the *old*.

As our navy exists at present, it is composed of twelve boat-clubs, averaging twenty members. But a few of these clubs own two boats, the majority own one. Each club has its half-dozen officers, with sesquipedalian titles, whose principal duty is to foot the bills and grumble. Each club has its uniform, which if it shows anything to a stranger, shows, first, Yale; secondly, the number of the class; thirdly, the name of the boat in full;—a mere gaudy handbill, anything but ornamental. Each club collects its members in the early part of Freshman year, when they are totally unacquainted, and most of them green in aquatics, and afterwards, if any member drops out of college, his place must be filled by one who is elected and pays the value of the share to him, and the taxes due upon it, to the club. Each club has its *crew* which rules over the club, taking out the boat constantly, deciding all the questions of the club, pecuniary or otherwise, and if it happens to have beaten in one race, ever after looking down with a peculiar muscular snobism upon the rest of the vulgar crowd with which it is associated. Each club has the same trouble in getting together a quorum at its meetings, the same trouble in collecting the taxes, which vary from one to five dollars, and are laid, (as all taxes are,) just at the wrong time of the year. Each club makes a mountain of going into a race; in Freshman year, because it has had no practice; in Sophomore year, “there is a lion in the way;” in Senior year,—impossible. So that Junior year brings the only opportunity, and there are ten chances to one that even then, laziness, an old boat, want of a crew, or practice, will prove too formidable. Finally, each club graduates, spends twenty-five dollars in painting up the boat which has been under hard usage for four years, sells it to the entering Freshmen, settles up its affairs, each member pockets a few ragged dollar bills, and the club is a matter of memory.

This is a general view of the case; take a particular one.

A man enters college who comes from some town on the sea-shore, or near a river, and is as well able to row a boat as three-fourths of the men in the Senior boat-clubs. Such a case is by no means an uncommon one. He thinks he would like to be in a boat-club, so he col-

lects a half-dozen men of his division with whom he has become slightly acquainted. They find a half-dozen more who like the idea, and these twelve elect in eight or ten more, they care not whom, provided they will pay. They meet, borrow a constitution from some Junior club, copy it, changing the name only, lay a tax of twenty dollars apiece, and order a boat in New York. While the boat is being built, they borrow a uniform from each club in college, select a collar from this, the cuffs from that, the shield from another, and mixing the colors of all, they get up a coat of many colors,—a sort of flannel chowder which they call “our uniform.” Their boat is finished, has come up on the steamboat, and is now lying on Bell dock, covered with cinders, and an old sail. All day long squads of two and three “cut recitation,” and trudge down to see it, coming back with the most elaborate reports of its model, and praises of its beauty, all agreeing in this, that it will *rag* everything in college. Towards sun-down the tide is high, and a long procession of Freshmen, in high glee, trails through Chapel street on its way to see the wonderful boat launched.

There they are; every one who can crowd in has got hold of the gunwale, of the seats, of the outriggers, anywhere in fact, where it will rack the boat worst, and they are moving towards the edge of the wharf, part in enthusiasm rushing on, and the others holding back and scolding (a very mild term) with all their might. Now they are putting it in; down go the bows six feet under water, whereat those who are nearest the bows shout savagely, and it is jerked up till the stern comes with a crash against the wharf, whereat those at that end howl with anger.

At length it is dropped with a great splash into the water, and the captain, seizing a boat-hook, climbs down into the tottling thing. It instantly tips, and to save himself he steps off from the bottom boards. Immediately a threatening yell rises from the shore, which is lined with excited spectators. Aware that he is doing something very wrong, but not exactly knowing what, he staggers along on the seats, knocking off the edges with his rough boot heels, grinding off the new paint wherever he steps, and sticking the boat-hook in the sides of the boat every few seconds. Bye and bye the boat is secured, manned and rowed around to the boat-house, where it is placed till the next day, and the happy *first crew*, which has been chosen six weeks ago, dreams about it all night. The next day is Wednesday, and in the afternoon the boat is taken out for its first trip. All the boatmen in college are there, watching them. The captain proud, but *not* happy, holds the tiller ropes. Some of the crew are looking with amazement at the

size of the oars, others are wondering what those curious little semi-circular things that turn round and round out on the out-riggers are made for, others are talking facetiously to their friends on shore. "*Peak !*" Up go two oars. One man is balanced by the weight of his oar, now getting it almost up and then letting it fall back on the head of the unoffending bowsman. A third is staring vacantly at the captain, without the vestige of an idea of what he is required to do. A fourth, not hearing the order, is getting off a load for the benefit of his landlubber friends. "*Here Jones whatyerbout ! Peakconfounju !*" Poor Jones, all eyes turned upon him, more dead than alive with fright, grabs his oar and tries to get it into the water, knocking right and left, and causing intense satisfaction to the Sophomores on shore. By dint of good advice, freely bestowed from shore, the oars are all peaked, and then comes the order "*Let fall !*" It is a relief to hear two words that everybody understands. Any Freshman knows what "let fall" means. So thinks each one of the crew, and proceeds to put it in practice. Consequently five oars fall on one side, and three men are fiercely trying to get their oars into the same swivel. This remedied, comes the serious matter of rowing. One catches a crab, another persists in backing water, a third loses his oar overboard, a fourth is most suddenly and unaccountably knocked in the pit of his stomach by the handle of his oar. In this way the boat squirms along to the bridge, where a still more interesting series of gymnastics takes place at the word "*Trail !*" and the bridge rings with roars of laughter from the crowds collected to see it go through. It makes its appearance on the other side with several men rubbing their heads, one or two stretched out in the bottom of the boat, and the mortified captain grumbling and growling, which he keeps up till the boat gets out of sight.

It is with such a crew, that our friend who knows how to row, must go out for five or six weeks, such a scene being enacted two or three times a week. And after it, when they have learned to keep stroke, and obey orders, the boat is so racked as to be hardly worth pulling in. Then come taxes. A tax for repairing the boat. A tax for broken oars. A tax for painting. A tax for a lantern. A tax for flags. A tax for black lead and sandpaper. And so on till weary with the very name of the boat, he refuses to pay the thirtieth dollar, and has it deducted from his paltry share when the boat is sold.

But we must be brief. Let us cry enough of the defects of the old, although we have not been in the habit of considering them as defects, but rather as necessary accompaniments of all boating.

Now for the *new*. A general view first.

The Navy is composed of four clubs. Its officers are a Commodore, the four Captains, and a Treasurer. It has its Yale boat under the care of a Yale crew, picked from the race crews of the four clubs. Each club is composed of sixty men, fifteen from each class in college. Its officers are, a Captain, a Lieutenant from each class, and a Treasurer. It has its regular annual meeting, where officers are elected, Treasurer's report read, &c. It owns three or four boats, including one crack race-boat, under the care of a crew picked from the whole club of sixty. It has its own simple uniform,—its own *color*, it may be. It has a regular annual income of three hundred dollars, besides which, there is a revenue from the sale of old boats. From the treasury a regular annual payment is made for fifteen new uniforms, and a new boat is bought whenever needed. It has its race crew, which, being picked from all classes, is uninfluenced by Biennials, and always in condition and practice, is ready at any time to go into a race. The Yale crew is once a year picked from these four race crews, without any of the old-fashioned "pulling round" to go through with for three weeks. It has its printed orders and explanations for the benefit of the new members, its receiving boat for them to practice in, its officer (salaried if necessary, or his annual tax remitted) to drill them, and select from them men for the race-crew, subject to the approval of the officers of the club. Its boats being of all kinds, those who wish to take out ladies, can do so; those who wish to take an easy row down to the light, can do so; those who wish to practice for a race, can do so, and all at the same time. Moreover, if one boat needs painting or repairs, the club need not stand idle, as formerly, but can take any of the others. On gala days the harbor is covered with boats, and the uniforms being to a great degree *uniform*, the general effect is much better.

And now for a particular view.—Here comes our friend who knows how to row. He has just entered college. He brings with him no Easthampton glory. No Andover halo encircles his head. He is a plain, simple Freshman, a country boy from the backwoods. But he shows a pair of broad shoulders, and a hard hand, and is instantly surrounded by an admiring group, anxious to secure him for their boat-clubs. He joins the one that holds the champion flag, and paying five dollars, receives a uniform, and is put into a crew of his equals in rowing, perhaps upon the race-crew itself. He is not required to pay twenty dollars down, and subject himself to any number and amount of future taxes; but having paid his five dollars a year, is free from all dunning. At length he graduates, having spent during his whole college course, but twenty dollars for this glorious exercise, and even *that* was distrib-

uted in annual payments of five dollars which almost any one can afford. In after years, when he reads accounts of races at Yale, and learns that *his* club has beaten, he feels an enthusiasm which no graduate of old times could get up over names of clubs he never heard of; and when he comes back to a Commencement, he will collect a grey-headed crew to go down and show the boys how to pull.

Observe, that the *shackles of class feeling will be to a great extent broken*. Sophomores will pull alongside of Freshmen. The lion will lie down with the lamb. There will be a *fairer estimate put upon new men*. Those lively, hearty, good-natured fellows, who are yet not particularly literary, will have their just position, and infuse a little of their life and energy into those who now shrug their shaky shoulders and look down upon them as clowns or buffoons. Observe, also, that unless a new boat is bought (and even if it is, as an old one must be sold to give it room,) there will be each year, a *considerable surplus of funds*, which can be applied to buying the Yale boats, to prizes for our annual regatta, to pay the expenses of a race-crew going out of town, to enlarging and improving the boat-house; all of which must now be done, if done at all, through the medium of that humbug of humbugs, a college subscription paper.

And now for the *feasibility of the change*.

It can be readily and easily done in two ways.

First, Let the boat-clubs which are now organizing in the Freshman class, put the following article in their constitutions.

"This club shall hereafter be open to fifteen members of every Freshman class, each of whom shall be elected by the club, and shall, while connected with college, pay a regular annual tax of five dollars, on the —th day of —th month."

After this article has been inserted, let them go on as usual for the present, (afterwards, of course, making provision for the election of officers from each class, &c.,) each man paying twenty dollars, or whatever the assessment may be, and buying their boat. Next year they elect their first fifteen, who, paying five dollars each, give the following status:—a club of thirty members, one boat, and seventy-five dollars. As this is the Biennial summer for the original club, one boat will be amply sufficient for the whole number. If not, seventy-five dollars would probably buy, or certainly hire, a very good pleasure boat. The third year, another fifteen is elected. It then stands,—a club of forty-five, one boat, and two hundred and twenty-five dollars, which will purchase another first-class boat. In the fourth year it stands,—a club of

sixty members, two boats, and two hundred and twenty-five dollars; after that, a club of sixty, an income of three hundred dollars per year, and boats *ad libitum*.

To put it in figures :

Class of 1863	15 men	\$20 each	\$300, one boat.
" " 1864	15 "	5 5 5	225. one boat.
" " 1865	15 "	5 5	150.
" " 1866	15 "	5	75.

In 1867 the club will have 60 men, owning \$225 and two boats.

After that sixty men, at \$5 each " 800 and x boats.

In this, there is no account made of uniforms. While the club is being thus formed, some arrangement could be made by which each man bought his own uniform, the money being refunded to him by the club before he graduated. After the club is once started, it can easily afford to pay out seventy-five dollars or so, per year, for the uniforms of the entering fifteen.

A *second* method is this : Let a club in the class of '62 elect from the present Freshman class, fifteen men who shall pay them five dollars per year, and so on. It should be started by one of the two lower classes, the others are too near graduation to make such a change in their affairs.

Reader, we have not indulged in wild theorizing. It is, if you will not laugh, a Statement of Facts ; it is all plain sailing, and our object in writing this article is simply to secure to our Navy the immense advantages of this system. As it is now, it is but a mass of logs tied together in a rude raft ; as it would be, a staunch and graceful hulk, able to carry any amount of sail and beat, if necessary, its victorious 19' 14".

And now, if you are a Freshman, and are getting up a boat-club, do consider these facts candidly, and *act* accordingly ; or, if a Sophomore, and belong to one, by all means have the change made immediately, before the Freshman clubs are organized. There is room for four such clubs, and great will be the glory to him who starts the first. Let all Yalensians work for this change, and Harvard will not long flaunt the champion flag in the face of Alma Mater.

E. F. B.

An Epistle to Di Sophroniscus, Esq., of Yale College.

You will judge me harshly, my dear Di, I doubt not, for requiting your recent hospitality, with an epistle so homely with hints and admonitions. But do not lose your temper, Di, for quickness to wrath is the exaltation of folly, and the grievousness of my charges would only the better prove the seriousness of your defects.

And how simple and innocent is my unskillful quill, measured with those heavier weapons oftimes wielded by so much sturdier hands. For instance, the broom has come to be the symbol of conjugal discipline, the birch of parental solicitude, the cane and the bowie knife of senatorial jurisprudence. Nor are these the absolute, exclusive symbols of that corrective tendency which the progressive nature of the human mind creates. Tutors tell us that Zantippe was wont to pour out upon her erring spouse, vials of wrath and dirty water; that Mrs. Addison, like the faithless Thomas, could only prove the identity of her master by seeing in his hands the print of nails, and thrusting her fist into his side. Mrs. Caudle, you know, selected for a weapon her own explosive tongue, and won immortal fame, not more for the wisdom of her choice than the efficiency of her execution. And so in the correction of children. Pardon an illustration from my own painful experience. I am not a Baptist, nor the son of a Baptist, and yet I used to be punished by immersion. Having reached the basement below, my position was longitudinally inverted, my trembling ankles grasped by paternal hands, and after a few remarks upon the sinfulness of sin, to which I listened with divers emotions, was let down into the cistern below, at a depth, proportionate, of course, to the height of the water, somewhat after the old-fashioned way of dipping candles. A protracted drought was in my youthful mind a priceless blessing, though my oft repeated peccadilloes rendered me a perfectly reliable hydrometer.

I need not draw illustrations of this corrective tendency from our senatorial sessions. They are patent to us all. Hadn't Shakspeare allusion to this fact in saying that we might

"Learn books from the running *Brooks*."

Enough on this point, enough at least to show that warmth of friendship and nearness of relation are no security against expostulation, nay rather, that they promote the spirit thereof and necessitate its very existence.

You will be prepared then, I hope, my dear Di Sophroniscus, to receive a few gentle hints—metaphorical kicks if you choose to call them so—in the spirit of kindness, as they are given, harboring not the false idea, that I have at last become unmindful of your long-tried friendship. The fragrance of your Oronoak, and the ripeness of your generous cheer—pledges of your esteem, as you said—are still among the choicest reminiscences of my college visit. I well remember that after we had filled our third pipe, by way of change, with the glossy Notches Tatches, and quaffed the second cup of your luscious old Falerlian, that at my request, you further entertained me with a cursory review of your collegiate career. (Oh! Di, I hardly dare to tell you how I suffered the morning after, during what the doctors call the reactionary period. I think it must have been owing to the previous excitement. A nauseated stomach, a feverish brain, and a paralytic nervousness, subjected me to a compound ache of the very worst extremity. In New Haven, Di, the tables are turned, as there a single Rood will make a hundred acres.)

I shall not revert to your remarks, my dear friend, in the especial order in which you gave them, but comment on those, which from their prominence are first suggested to my mind. Yes, Di Sophroniscus, you are a sneak. You have fallen an easy victim to a quality unworthy of your nature, and disastrous to your manhood. Free from it in your earlier days, it has grown upon you like your moustache, since you entered college. I will not stop to define the nature of sneakery, but show light upon it as I pass along, by familiar illustrations.

It had an early beginning. Can you call to mind the first recorded sneak? It was the Devil. Did you ever soar with Milton in the early flight of his great argument, where admiration of the infernal power seizes the mind with resistless force? his dauntless valor before an appalling foe—high hope experienced amid the agonies of his pernicious fall—wise counsel gathered from grim despair? It is only when he throws off the robes of an imperial majesty, for the cold and slimy pelt of a creeping serpent, when, sneaking into Paradise, he “stoops to conquer,” that we begin to loathe, and hate, and curse him. Here, snake and sneak coming close together, identify. Is there not presumptive evidence that in the rude state of grammar schools and printing-presses, an orthographical error might have inadvertently stolen into the pages of primitive history. Or failing in this, we can certainly trace these words to the same original root. With such a progenitor, or rather such a prototype, how inexpressibly deepened is the meanness of a sneak.

And Adam failed to remain intact, introducing sneakery from the Devil, as Socrates called down wisdom from the gods. We cannot blame him for his firmness, paralysed before the fascinating entreaties of his amiable wife, but how he sinks in public estimation, stealing off to hide, and charging the grief-stricken woman with the guilt of all their folly. I despise a man so bereft of manliness, and do him justice in calling him A. Sneak—nay, rather, let us write his name in full, knowing him hereafter as Adam Sneak.

But time would fail to trace, in individual cases, the sneakery of History. Insiduously it has moved along, like a contagious disease, affecting the whole sphere of human emotion. It has tarnished our religion, corrupted our politics, emasculated our literature, and jeopardized our institutions.

How sad it is, my dear Di, that so many live about us, decent enough to desire, but not bold enough to realize a genuine manhood. My embarrassed quill lingers still in ambiguity, proof of my inefficiency to tell you what I mean. Though I refused at first to define the subject before me, an oblique glance thereat may be of service to us each. You may call it, then, a craven fear, poisoned by ungenerous ambition. Men there are, among us, who dare not trust their own God given strength and prowess, moving manly onward in the honest beaten track, but steal up to wealth and station, along the by-ways and hedges. Honest minds who love retirement, laugh in silence at the men who grasp at factitious renown, with all the ardor with which the ancient Ixion essayed to ravish a fleeting cloud.

Have you not the good sense, my dear Di, to mock at, to scout and condemn such sham fights in the earnest warfare of human life. Sophroniscus, as you hold my friendship dear, do not put me to an open shame. Before you go forward another step in your chosen path, sit down and count the cost, giving the whole matter a wiser conclusion, or better, let us walk out in peripatetic style, noting down our observations. There stands a Christian—so he calls himself—his tongue finished in the dialect of Heaven, his heart corroded with the sordidness of earth, his eyes turned away from the straight and narrow gate, up the walls of Zion, over which he strives to clamber, thief and robber like. You can hear the tinkling symbol and sounding brass, which he is palming off for the clear-toned ring of a sterling Christianity. There are lawyers, whose duty is to humanize, as it were, the laws of God's eternal justice, striving to "make out a case," rather than point out the truth, and who, by their workings, have made a lawyer's office as deeply dreaded as a den of thieves. There are divines who have made

their pulpits the thermometers of their churches, instead of enlivening them with the radiance of that light which ought, at least, to sparkle within themselves, who wind about deep-rooted errors with subtle sophism or niggard fear, instead of battering them down with sturdy logic. Look into the caucus, with its wires, and men to pull them—into the cabinet, with its temporizing policies—into the Senate, with its compromises and unjust enactments, and take care, Dear Di, lest a misdirected blow cleave in your guiltless skull.

See how unworthy of our trust, how fraught with general ruin are the chosen stanchions of the social fabric. What stays to day, with such a potent force the progress of our reforms? Not the men, whose bloated faces the children point at in the streets, not the profane, the obscene, and the licentious, not the enslaver or enslaved; such are not the lets that check the course of social progress, these lie down amid the slime and filth below. It is the sneaking hypocrites, coated like a pill, with superficial fairness, who, professing, believe not, and teaching, will not practice the precepts of the cause. It is the stupid indifference, or what is worse, the timorous acquiescence of a class of men who, having the power, have not the courage to stem the current of public iniquities; it is unhallowed ambition, and greedy lust, making adherence to moral reform, incongruous and troublesome; the conventionalities of polite society, and nice regard for social status, making it unrefined and compromising. It is enough to ruffle the smoothest temper, to discourage the loftiest hope, to look around about us and see the gross disloyalty to the nobler purpose of our being, the tardy recognition of what our Reformer has termed, the "calling," the "mission" of our lives.

Pardon, my dear Di, the painful pleasure which I have taken in this discouraging review, and measure your private derelictions by the light of that "eventful future" into which the college life expands. A serious thought it is, that the commonness of this detestable evil forbids attention to special examples, and must needs be hurried over in lugubrious generalities. Who knows, my dear Di, where I would end, if commencing a diagnosis of your own sneakish peculiarities, a mere social atom as you are, I should pass on throughout the almost boundless realm of soul inspired matter. No, my quill shall be shot at you, lest a higher flight might tax your patience with undue severity, and my humble epistle with undue postage.

Well, then, Sophroniscus, I can but think that you are a sneak; that your mind is goaded with ungenerous ambition, and belittled by craven fear. Sneaking, in college, is fraught with especial damage, ma-

king its consuming inroads upon the mind and heart, robbing the one of its firmness and the other of its purity.

Every Freshman who enters college, makes a bold push for scholarship and popularity, while in the many there is too much weakness for the one, and too much meanness for the other, combined with abundant ambition for the realization of both. Men persist to strive for intellectual greatness, without the sturdy exercise of those homely virtues, by which alone success can be secured; to thirst for public favor, without those gracious amenities that adorn the noble soul, as the sun, in his rising, gilds the gray light of the morning. Sneaks, who, weather their first three years, now just within the outer threshold of college life, stand blinking at the mixed hereafter, that stretches out at length before them. Here, the four years course is nearly run, ambition loses its old asperities, and the sneaking aspirant, acquiring new impressibility, turns for a season from the shrines of Minerva, creeping up to those of Venus. Affections are won, only to disappoint them, and confidence secured, only to betray it.

So College Sneaks may be resolved into pedants, hypocrites, and flirts.

A serious evil, it is, in our American culture, at least in early life, this insane regard we are all paying to haste, measuring brilliancy of parts, and ripeness of scholarship, not more by the splendor of one's trophies, than the quickness of their acquisition. Our favorites among the young, are those pale-faced precocities, who spend in nervous, solitary toil, the time which the "common boys" appropriate in running off their superfluous vitality. And so they hurry on, petted votaries of an ephemeral intelligence, beautiful, and good for nothing, soon in readiness for the asylum, grave, or college, it matters little which. Hurry marks the spirit of the nation, and the question has come to be, not "how much," but how long. A serious blow it was, to our Yankee Christianity, and its preconceived idea of Divine Omnipotence, that the world, instead of being hurried up in six days, was the slow growth of an almost boundless cycle of years.

It was not my point, in this digression, to question the propriety of this insane haste, so let me hurry back to one of its legitimate points, tasking my quill with the college problem of the times. Given a rigorous lesson, with a modicum of talent, how shall it be accomplished in the shortest apparent time? You will recognize, I doubt not, the complexity of our data, as is oftentimes the case, the apparent is, in presence, the real time, and the lesson given remains an unknown quantity. By way of illustrating the sneakish solution, which some see fit to

give, I will just recur to a single incident, of which, as it happened, I was alone an unknown observer. I am the more persuaded to introduce this unnamed student, possessing, as he did, your own peculiarities, if we may except the ease and elegance of his daily recitations, in fine, the perfect finish of all his intellectual handiwork. He was, it seemed, a student, without the "bore" of study, never preparing, and never "unprepared." I was, at the time, a transient guest at his room—the favored recipient of his excessive hospitality. The evening was passed, with others, in jollity and fun, and though the morning's dust still lingered on the lesson for the morrow, it was only alluded to with a careless disregard. With this preparation, we betook ourselves to rest. Sleeping like a weasel, as I do, I awoke as the clock was striking three, and found him perched upon his haunches, like a timid squirrel, aiming to assure himself that I was fast asleep. Stealthily drawing a match, the shaded lamp was lighted, and the "jolly fellow" of the day, had become the lesson-snatcher of the night. At five the light went quickly out, and all was still again. With face awry at the approximating "flunk," as he was pleased to call it, he afterwards hurried off to the morning recitation, and won another laurel. Is there not, my dear Sophroniscus, a positive meanness in such a habit—it was a habit, and not a chance occasion—perverting the hours required for honest sleep, in setting up factitious renown—courting literature as thieves do hen-roosts. Now, if this is not your actual practice, it is, at least, your ideal tendency. Little merit rewards the man whose rapid progress may be traced to unremitting toil; perseverance conflicts with caste, and serious labor blots out the stamp of genius.

It is hard to be persuaded, in view of one's own personality, that Pallas could spare no time in presiding over the natal hour—that the magic touch of her symbolic lance has failed to kindle up a single ray of genius, and so the cunning Mercury is slyly summoned in to perform the work the frugal goddess has left undone, to secure the semblance of a quickened intellect, though the substance thereof be wholly denied. It is here we have a clue, in tracing out the cause of intellectual sneaking. The ungifted scholar betakes himself to toil, as the Christian is enjoined to devote his hour to prayer, having entered his closet and shut the door, to study in secret, that he may not be seen of men.

Having placed our ideal sneak in his unapproachable solitude, I cannot, for the present, pursue him any further. If you are not displeased with the remarks already made, I will resume them in my next epistle, carrying the subject into matters of literary composition,

&c., where the evil assumes a more malignant type. I shall then take occasion to introduce the other two divisions, the hypocrites and flirts, closing, as the ministers say, with a few practical observations.

Make my regards to all your fellow worms at Yale, to the book-worms in general, and the little haughtycratic *grub*-worm in particular,

Adieu,

L. T. W.

A Dream.

The moon was sailing overhead,
The clock was striking three,
And I was sailing up the Green,
As gay as I could be.

The stairs came tumbling up my feet,
And, quite to my surprise,
My room came tumbling down the stairs,
Right in my face and eyes.

I broke my knee across a chair,
My head against the wall;
A brighter light shone round about,
Than e'er saluted Paul.

My boots, I could not leave my boots,
On such a dirty floor,
I tucked them in between the sheets,
And soon my cares were o'er.

I slept. A thousand Bengal lights
Danced round my red hot table,
On which, ten thousand little imps,
Were raising perfect Babel.

And soon they spied my beaver hat,
I gave it up for lost;
At every kick it withered like
A squash-vine after frost.

I halloed for the Riot Act,
Whereat a giant sprite,

Came burning through the wall, and dragged
Me out into the night.

Away now on plumbago wings,
With platinum for hinges,
The Goblin quietly remarked,
" Cast-iron always sings."

Two million leagues from Mercury,
We met, and passed as soon,
A car load of philosophers,
With tickets for the moon.

A billion Kilometres on,
I'll stake my word upon it,
A crowd of little Mercurites,
Were kicking round a Comet.

Now just before us glared the Sun,
Its mountains smoking hot,
With herds of roasted cattle,
In every steaming lot.

The Goblin took one eyeball out,
With fire-clay filled the socket,
And twitching off an arm and leg,
He stuffed them in his pocket.

And then he swore a fiery oath,
It only *cooled* his tongue,
The spittle in "spheroidal state,"
That round his palate swung,

Burst in a cloud of scalding steam,
His iron form was riven,
Down, down thro' retrograding stars,
Through all the host of Heaven,

Thro' all the sea of molecules,
With horrid speed we dropped,
Through forty miles of atmosphere.
And as we nearly stopped,

I laughed for joy. Of course it was
An end of gravitation,
And straightway in centrifugal,
Centripetal saltation,

We whirled about the globe, until
The fragments of his bones
Were scattered in Kentucky,
In a shower of iron stones.

And when I took another turn
Around this earthly ball,
I fell with a tremendous thwack
Against the College wall.

I rubbed my eyes, and shouted out,
"Chum, didn't something fall?"
He just looked over from the bed,
And grinned—and that was all.

B.

Socrates Smith, Esq. ; or half an hour too late.

Probably among the many extensive and critical readers of general literature, there are a very few indeed, who have not met with that sentiment which declares, that "procrastination is the thief of time." Whether the amount stolen since this was uttered has grown sufficiently large to call procrastination by the euphemism—"defaulter," rather than by that harsh word thief, we will leave our readers to determine. Without doubt, no one ever suffered more from this larceny than he, whose whole body as well as "arms," we now propose to sing.

Socrates Smith was a character in his way ; his enemies said, he was a character in everybody else's way too. We think, however, that we shall, in the course of this narrative, prove the falsity of this, for Socrates was always *behind hand*, which, of course, prevented him from getting in the way of anybody.

He was *born* half an hour too late ; for Dame Fortune, like a good book-keeper, in order to preserve a balance in the day-book of the population, had ordained that the birth of our hero should succeed the death of his uncle, by the space of only fifteen minutes. If Socrates Smith could only have anticipated the latter event, he would have been a very rich man, or rather baby ; for the aforesaid uncle had just will- ed away a large portion of his property to a distant relative, which he would have given to his nephew, had he known of the entrance of that important personage upon the stage of life.

The *début* of Socrates was therefore less fortunate than the *exit* of

his illustrious Athenian namesake ; for the latter philosophically regarded his departure in the light of a pleasure, whereas the former commenced his eventful life by crying—over the loss of his property, we suppose, of course. Why the euphonious and classical cognomen of Socrates was applied to the harsh and plebian name of Smith has not yet been clearly demonstrated to his biographer. He certainly did not resemble the celebrated Greek in one respect, at least, for, as we have before remarked, S. Smith, Esq., was always “*behind hand* :” whereas it is generally acknowledged by scholars of the present day, that the philosopher was *ahead* of his time by two or three centuries. But we will submit with equal cheerfulness to the appellation of either Socrates or John, believing that it is not for our unhallowed pen to call in question the judgement or good sense of the progenitors of so great a man as Socrates Smith, Esq.

Unfortunately, the past has veiled in some obscurity the minute history of that portion of his life, which is fraught with so many dangers to infant existence, arising from its multifarious diseases, or from that ignorance of the law of gravitation which has broken the skull of many a child, warped their noses, or raised bumps large and curious enough to set Phrenology at defiance.

Endeavoring then, to steer his somewhat frail bark between the Scylla of measles and the Charybdis of whooping-cough, without escaping either ; passing that point where a child will either be spoiled or be of some use in the world ; changing from the chrysalis state of petticoats into that of pantaloons, and again into that of skirted coats ; he at length arrived at manhood. Here we pause to state, and refute a calumny which has been attached to his character. As an example of his tardiness, it is asserted that he was behind hand in coming of age ; that his habit of delaying was so strong that he did not arrive at the age of twenty-one years, till some time after the proper period. This assertion bears its own denial on its face, and we shall set it down on the score of envy.

Candor compels us to confess that his personal appearance was not prepossessing. He was very short, and very thin ; presenting as fine a specimen of anatomical locomotion as you have ever seen. In fact, physiologically speaking, there wasn't much to Socrates ; so that, in case at any time it had so happened that you had been obliged to indicate to him that his presence was no longer necessary, it would have been almost the height of absurdity to have requested him “to make himself scarce,” because it would have been next to an impossibility for him to have made himself much more so than he was already.

Socrates, we are obliged to acknowledge, possessed, in addition to his other attractions, a nose which unfortunately did not add anything to his personal pulchritude. It was an ambitious, an aspiring nose; and if he had been so foolish as to have tried to comply with the directions given by impudent small boys to bewildered travelers, viz: "to follow your nose," he would have been long before this, a formidable rival of Miller and the rest of the ascensionists.

But notwithstanding all these obstacles, Socrates discovered that he loved, and was beloved, by the "fairest of her sex," that is according to his standard of female beauty, doubtless derived from self-contemplation.

Yes, Socrates, like a large majority of the Smith family, and the rest of the world, fell in love, and being no acrobat or gymnast, he did not know how to get out again; he was contented to remain there however.

The circumstances that led to this affair were as follows.—Owing to the dilatory first appearance of our hero, he, as we have said, was unprovided for as respects, at least, any great amount of wealth. He was not portionless, but being no infidel he possessed a perfect belief in the aeronantic qualities attributed to riches by Holy Writ, and his wealth happening to be in *eagles* he soon proved that he could make them fly; so that at the time of which we write he was without a cent. He was sitting one evening in his chamber smoking his last cigar; the box was empty, and his pockets presented a similar vacuity. His tailor had politely hinted that he owned the clothes then upon his back; his washerwoman insinuated that the purification of his linen by her, demanded some pecuniary compensation, while his expulsion from the room and table of his landlady was only prevented by a series of diplomatic demonstrations of undying affection towards that lady's favorite daughter. But he had discovered that day, from unmistakable signs, that although attentions towards young ladies were an established currency among those who had no debts, still the mother of this damsel could not consider them as equivalents for the labor and expense attending the preservation of his corporeal system at her table. As he was ruminating upon these unpleasant subjects, there seemed left him only three courses of action; either to murder some man for his money, commit suicide, or marry an heiress. The results of these three alternatives would be the same in his opinion; it was merely a choice as to which noose he had better put his head into. He finally decided upon the last as the least disagreeable, though the most impracticable.

We shall not pause here to state in what manner he obtained the means to put himself in such a condition or position as would justify him in being introduced to the young lady whom he had decided to make his victim. Miss Tittles was her name. We cannot describe her. Our ink turns pale as we attempt it; and we can only recommend each of our readers to get a receipt from Sylvanus Cobb, which will answer every purpose. Her attractions were sufficient, however, to awaken, in the mind of Socrates, emotions which he had never possessed before. The parents of this young lady were English, wealthy but respectable. Her father commenced his career in life as an hostler in an English Inn, and upon this foundation he built up quite a stable fortune; had emigrated to America, and here amassed money from year to year. At the time of which we write, he was absent on a journey to England, either to revisit the scenes of childhood or collect some debts.

It was then, during the absence of the paternal bird, that the serpent advanced to charm the fledgeling. The time at length came when the important question was to be decided. Socrates was nervous. But it must be done; how, we will not explain, except to say that during the interview he became excited.

"Will you be" he exclaimed, "will you be the guide of my life, my Mentor, my Mephistopheles, will you?"—while repeating the above, Socrates was gradually dropping on his knees, and completed his genuflexions on some tacks which were sticking, points up, in the carpet. Like our forefathers, upon the imposition of their tax, Socrates "rose up in arms," which we are obliged to add were quite ready to receive him. Now Miss Tittles did not know what he meant by Mentor, or who Mephistopheles was; and never having experienced any such scene as this before, was at a loss to decide whether he was proposing to her, or was afflicted by the St. Vitus Dance. He soon made himself understood, however, and paradoxical as it may seem, yet it is true that he asked a miss, and didn't ask amiss.

There were several obstacles which prevented the course of true love from running smoothly, the chief of which was, that it was dammed up by the mother of the young lady, which feat was accomplished by her forbidding Socrates the house. But money is the nerves of love as well as war, and by throwing each time a sop in the shape of a quarter to a Cerberus of a footman, he was admitted to stolen interviews, of which, like that of all purloined good things, sweetness was the principle concomitant. By degrees, however, the old lady was

finally induced to consent to the proposed *match*, which was waiting to be ignited by Hymen's torch; so the day was appointed.

But Socrates' usual luck attended him, and you will not be surprised if I tell you that just half an hour after the time agreed upon, he might have been seen standing upon the steps of his *dulcinea's* mansion, with much perspiration and very little breath. He rang the bell and the door was opened. He saw standing in the hall an immense pile of traveling trunks. Cerberus grinned malignantly and jingled the quarters in his pocket. But not stopping to consider what all this meant, he walked with as much coolness as he could command into the parlor, expecting to find bride and priest awaiting him. Instead of this, and much to his astonishment, there was only an old man sitting quietly upon the sofa as if it had belonged to him. The state of affairs immediately presented itself in no very pleasing complexion to the mind of Socrates. The father had returned from Europe, and would, without doubt, delay, if not wholly prevent his marriage.

Now whatever beauty and refinement, or whatever educational advantages were possessed by the lady of Socrates' choice, we are free to confess that they were not hereditary. Being a native of h'old h'England, as we have said, he was not at all particular in his use of the letter h, so that, especially when he became indignant, all words commencing with that letter were apt from sympathy to become *ex-aspirated*. Besides, although he was no rhetorician, he unconsciously was guided in his conversation by that rule which enjoins a sacrifice of Elegance to Energy. Another dialectic idiosyncrasy was to employ highly colored metaphorical allusions to his juvenile profession, which diversified and gave a certain kind of refreshing originality to his conversation. So that between the three, Socrates' entrance into the parlor was greeted by a sort of verbal tornado on the part of the old gentleman.

"And so you thought that you wou'd drive four-in-'and, while I was h'off the box, did ye? You wanted to 'ave a *bridal* and lead my daughter to the *halter*? Get h'out h'of my 'ouse you 'orrid young man or I will kick you h'out." To say that Socrates was dumb would not express it. You would have supposed he was also deaf, for he stood perfectly still, notwithstanding the kind intimation of the benevolent old man as to his future intentions; and it was not till he found himself lying parallel to the pavement at the foot of the steps that he realized fully the difference between being "behind hand" and before a foot. Socrates gathered himself up, which wasn't much of a feat considering his size. Up one street and down another he rushed, his

mind intent upon one object alone, and this was to put an end to his miserable existence. Drowning himself seemed to him the most feasible plan. The only place to accomplish this purpose was in the harbor, which being but a little better than the one of this city, possessed consequently but one place deep enough to drown any one, and that only when the tide was full. Across the fields, over fences and through bushes, ripping his new wedding suit by his tearing speed, and reducing himself almost to *puris naturalibus*, and, in fact, considering his suicidal intention, he might be said to be going on a dead run. He at length arrived at the locality designated, and jumped in. But, alas! he was again a half an hour too late, for the tide had gone out sufficiently to allow him only to wet himself up to the middle, and also succeeded in cooling him off to such a degree, that he concluded to give up for the present all hopes of depriving the world of his presence and influence. In the words of another, he returned to his home "a wiser and a *wetter* man," his whole attempt reminding one of the brave king of France, who gallantly led his enthusiastic army to the top of a hill, and then quietly and gloriously marched back again. But, as "it is never too late to mend," he repaired his clothes and married his country cousin. Here, according to the rule laid down for all lover-biographers, we must leave; we shall draw no moral from this story of his gentle life. We only intend it as a letter of introduction, for whenever you see a man arrive at any place where he ought to have been several minutes before, go boldly up to him, shake his hand and familiarly call him Socrates Smith, Esq., and our word for it, he will acknowledge the appellation.

E. G. H.

On my Cigar.

When the quiet day is ending,
And the halos in the west
With the twilight shadows blending—
Speak the hour, a time of rest;
And the earnest stillness dreaming,
All laborious thought to bar—
Leaning o'er my fire and dreaming,
Musing by my fire and dreaming,
Sit I, smoking my cigar.

Long I linger, yet not lonely ;
Visions floating o'er me seem :—
One fair form, so sweet and comely,
Is the angel of my dream ;
Lingering floats she o'er me lonely—
Lingering I, and thinking only
Of my fair one and my dream.

And my fire-side, rude and blustering,
To a full-home-hearth transforms ;
Angel forms, so sweet and clustering,
All the little home adorn :—
And beside me, fair and trusting—
Sitting at my side and trusting—
Clasp I round, that dainty form.

Precious hours—those quiet vespers—
Precious to my cheerless soul,
Angel-sounds, yet human-whispers,
All my wilder moods control ;
And when day with flashing-tresses,
Merges into twilight lonely,
Clasped in mine her soft hand only,
All I could desire, confesses.

Little pressures, tiny fingers,
O'er my aching forehead glance—
And the weird, wild strains that linger,
All my wondering soul entrance ;
And my ear attends the singing,
Dying on the golden bars ;
Till the evening chimes are singing
And my reverie wandering far,
Gone the singer, and the singing,
And I cast down my cigar !

Stay, sweet dreams of future blisses,
Parted from my longing heart !
Tender accents,—sweeter kisses—
Still in memory's waking, start,
Leave me then to my distresses—
Dream I not of maiden's-tresses,
Know I not their soft caresses ;
Folded in yon cloud afar—
Vanish all my fancied blisses,
With the fumes of my cigar !

Who and Where?

It may not possess the slightest interest, indulgent reader, for you to learn that I am a senior and have moved into College. Yet I announce the fact as the briefest way of acquainting you with my position, both intellectually and bodily.

It serves to set forth one's surroundings and associates to be thus particular at the outset. The paltry A. B. will proclaim your dignity after graduation. The august alphabet of scholastic graduation will announce you doctor of divinity, laws or physic, in short anything you please; but what abbreviation, what perfection of symbology can shadow even faintly the position and attainments of a senior? A graduate seems old, and his cares are on the increase. He may put on a white cravat, and with looks of mild expectation wait for a call till his coat is rusty; he may seek to pocket the fee of some scapegrace whom his legal acumen has delivered from jail or the halter; or he may take to bolus and purgatives. At all events he must do something, and it is serious business in any shape. But to have reached the last year of a College course, is to have outgrown the verdancy and follies of juvenility, without encountering the responsibilities of mature age and busy life. I may be deceived, but this seems just my position now. In College too—North College of course. It matters not what entry. I hate sectionalism. To room out of College is to be about half "towney." The real genuine student life is found in an entry well packed with jolly fellows with no landlady on the lower floor and no squad of female Celts or Teutons who march in a small caravan, night and morning, from cellar to attic. The change is quite an era in my life. It is a new thing to be a house-holder, buying carpets, towels and brooms. My room is right pleasant with its snug easy chairs, bracket lamp, and *those* curtains, not turkey red after the fashion of the vulgar—but heavy woolen, with green, red and yellow stripes.

O, its a gay room, and its jolly to think it is *my* room. Chum of course thinks the same thing. Some little conveniences are wanting, to be sure: I miss the matutinal visit of a certain Celtic maiden, whose skill imparted rare smoothness to my sheets. It is rather hard, after struggling with evil spirits through the day, to sleep in a bed bedeviled by a college sweep. There are some little annoyances too—it is easy enough to bear all the yelling and rowing of nights. In fact I can join right lustily in making a noise myself; but since room-

ing in college, music has grown to be my special abhorrence. The man above me has a melodeon, the man under me a fiddle.

The orphean notes of a flute warn me that my neighbor across the hall is just beginning to learn the capabilities of that instrument; while lastly, the chap through the partition rejoices in a piano of most extraordinary properties, the most prominent of which is a strong magnetic sympathy with the performer, whereby, strangely enough, bad playing makes bad music. The melodeon buzzes, the fiddle shrieks, the flute gasps and the piano agonizes, not to mention frequent serenades under my window by fellows who will persist in the mistake of affirming with musical emphasis oft repeated, that I'm "a jolly good fellow."

The man above me has a propensity to study with the united powers of head and feet, registering each newly acquired idea by a stout thump of his foot; I suppose his head is like a patent omnibus, and nothing can go into it without an entrance signal, for one day when he was still, I noticed that he flunked in division. Besides all this, my chum, who can't sing more than a hen, has joined that class of amateur vocalists who practice in the chapel on Monday nights.

It is quite pathetic to hear his intonations of the scale, or his trembling efforts at the unvarying base of some exercise. He says he doesn't expect ever to reach any professional excellence, but it is so pleasant for one's friends and in society to be able to sing *well*, (how he emphasizes that word) and then he starts off into an uncertain rendering of "Belle Brandon," which he unconsciously runs into "Bob Ridley O." He has voice enough, but his ear is at fault. Our entry is of course dedicated to the Muses. I've a serious notion of setting up a bust of Apollo in our room, both as an ornament, and in hopes that the god of music may take pity on my chum and change him into a nightingale, or enable him to appreciate the difference between singing base, and a promiscuous meandering through the whole gamut of grum gathered tones. But music is only one of the amusements adopted here. There are others well chosen to beguile both the passing hour and the passing student. There has been a rage here for getting minerals, stocking Aquaria, keeping dogs and other such pursuits; but senior year has inaugurated a new state of things. Numbers have conceived warlike tastes, and task themselves with experiments in gunnery and observations on the laws of projectiles. Some exhibit marks of decided genius in the dexterity with which they manage small putty guns and pea blowers. I have noticed that their aims seemed to be low. One feels quite brave to stand fire before windows

bristling with pop guns, squirt guns and water pitchers. At first it seemed rather funny to me than otherwise, but after getting bestuck with putty, pelted sorely with beans, and twice drenched with water, I have set my face "like a flint" against such procedure.

It destroys confidence in mankind and makes a man the slave of fear. Who that has heard the warning cry of "Heads out" but has shrunk from the possibility of ducking or bombardment. I am reminded strongly of the dangers and mishaps of Juvenal's time, and when I walk under the walls of North College the force of his words is complete :

" Adeo tot fata, quot illa
Nocte patent vigiles, te prætereunte fenestræ,"

and when water splashes about me and compels me to an unsought ablution, I devoutly add

" Ergo optes, votumque feras miserabile tecum
Ut sint contentæ patulas defundere pelves,"

These are some of my vexations, but they may not compare with the pleasures enjoyed daily. I've been hunting once and a gay time it was. But the Capt. who made it so much of an adventure, would have scanty justice done him were I to tell the story of the hunt here, so another paper will acquaint the public with the particulars of the expedition.

"To be Continued."

WITH this well known combination of letters we ended the beginning of a should have been interesting narrative. Genius often fails. The history of the world is but a history of human frailty and failures. Misdirected talent can be written upon the tombstones of many who might have been illustrious, and of those who were.

Because "To be continued" is written at the end of an intellectual production, is no reason that the article should be continued. The object of every mental effort should be either instruction or amusement, and he who fails to combine both of these qualities, should never write after his first attempt, "to be continued."

"A poor oath is better broken than kept," so a poor story is better

concluded than continued. Post this last remark up in *your* sanctum, Mr. Bonner.

"To be continued,"—how often is this phrase uttered and written where it should not be. Look at that young man, the pride of parents and perhaps the hope of a family! He has been in college but a year. You remember when he first came among us. A quiet youth, he neither smoked nor chewed; he dressed plainly and walked a steady gait. He was punctual in all his college duties. He imitated the "Father of his country," and wouldn't tell a lie. He went to bed early and rose with the morning light. But now, how changed. With boisterous voice he loungeth on the college fence, and he, who but a few months ago could not bear the midnight smoke, now puffs forth large volumes of the murky vapor, and with protruding cheek he lubricates the college grounds. The morning is far advanced before he riseth. The night before he spent in foolish revelry and thought himself a man. Now he skulketh forth with bleared eyes and ill-adjusted dress, to eat a cold and hapless breakfast. His self-respect is gone; he has been drunk; this he knows and feels it well, and now in meditative mood he long and loudly curses the inebriating bowl, and resolves that he no longer drinks. Deep within the recesses of his soul he writes, "not to be continued," where oft before he wrote "to be continued."

Look at that foolish girl. Many times has she been courted by men of soul, and as oft did she refuse. But now there cometh to her house a "pretty boy," and she, poor simple heart, is captivated. No learning has he, and of brains he carryeth not a large amount. Yet he can talk, and talk of what? why of the weather. He has a larger amount of money, not coined of course, but hoarded by his ancestors whose ears kept measure with their avarice. His clothes are of the finest cut, and he, the smallest cut of nature. A crisis in his courtship draweth near at hand; he intends proposing. Young woman sit down and write "not to be continued." If in many courtships this were written by the parties, hen-pecked husbands soon would be among the relics of the past, and woman's hand again assume a pleasant shape.

Did you hear that eloquent address?

How often does the patriot and the statesman leave the scenes of earth and in majestic speech mount aloft to where the eagle soars. His party is to him a mighty theme which in its expansive thought doth cleave the heavens, and whirling 'mong the planetary spheres doth disregard the force of present circumstances, and leaves no wreck of

human glory here below. It is upon the glorious 4th you hear of things you never dreamt before, of war and dissolution; and even before the speech is ended you think your country lost, and see in wild imagination a primeval savage hooting on your hearth-stone. Oh wretched orator! Why will you thus excite the public mind and make the frail to weep? Is this the end of eloquence? Mistaken man, write upon thy manuscript "not to be continued."

And thus my college friend, when you have wandered in a splurge, and your audience listen with understanding all bewildered, resolve it shall "not be continued." For language is the vehicle of thought and if you cannot think, do not revenge yourself upon that which is inanimate.

That student who goes to sleep every Sunday in chapel, had better say "not to be continued," for in ancient times a youth who slept while Paul was preaching, did fall and break his neck.

To those who spend their Sundays in idleness and frivolity and then hand in church-papers; to those who seek to shirk their studies and then with open book do "skin" behind another's back, to all in fact who do not as they should, we recommend the following motto

(Not to be Continued.)

R. S. D.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

It may be well to preface the Memorabilia of our new volume, by saying, that the present Board of Editors consider that the Lit. should be especially devoted to the discussion of matters of local interest. In this we are supported by the evident approval of all those on whose judgment we place reliance, or whose tastes we consider it worth while to consult. For this purpose, therefore, it is intended to make the Memorabilia even more complete than heretofore, as the only authentic record of our College life, and therefore, not only of particular present interest to ourselves and friends, but to be of still greater value in our future, as bringing back again these golden days.

The Biennial of the Class of '61 closed with the usual jubilee at Savin Rock, and although the effects of the examination had been far more than usually disastrous, we suppose that the joy at being free was all the greater. The songs were got up in a very neat form, reflecting credit on the class at large, who cannot be supposed to endorse fully the small slurs which were cast upon other classes.

"Still, like the mummies, at the spree
Of Egyptian "bummers,"
These Biennials cloud the case
Of Yalensian summers"

The exercises of Commencement week began with the Bachalaureate Sermon by Professor Fisher. The *Concio ad Clerum* was delivered by the Rev. Hiram P. Arms, of Norwich.

The Yale Chapter of the Φ B. K. went through its annual galvanic resurrection to listen to a very sound oration from Hon. Wm. Strong, on "American Legislation," but unfortunately for the poet of the occasion, Prof. J. R. Lowell, this spasmodic vitality had not enough of method in its madness to inform him of his election, so the poem was "excused."

The graduation of '59 leaves a great blank to be filled. Their Commencement exercises were marked by the same sterling qualities, of thorough hard work-ers, which had characterized the greater part of their College career.

The music was furnished by the faculty, and the expenses assessed upon the whole class, instead of being a burden upon the speaker alone, as has often been the case on former occasions. The fairness of the change is manifest.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

FORENOON.

1. MUSIC, "Overture Oberon."—*Weber.*
2. PRAYER.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by CHARLES HEEBNER GROSS, *Trappe, Pa.*
4. Dissertation, "The Symmetrical Man," by EDWIN SPENCER BEARD, *Andover, Mass.*
5. Oration, "Bernard and Abelard," by WILLIAM HENRY ANDERSON, *London-derry, N. H.*
6. MUSIC, "Aria," from "Der Freischutz."—*Weber.*
7. Oration, "The Language of the Puritans," by ARTHUR WILLIAMS WRIGHT, *Lebanon.*
8. Oration, "Edmund Burke, at the Bristol Election," by JOSEPH ALDRICH COOPER, *Mattituck, N. Y.*
9. Oration, "Zinzendorf and the Moravians," by WILLIAM HENRY RICE, *Beth-lehem, Pa.*
10. MUSIC, "Wedding March."—*Mendelssohn.*
11. Dissertation, "The Sicilian Vespers," by ROGER SHERMAN WHITE, *New Haven.*
12. Oration, "Scheming," by WILLIAM PIERCE FREEMAN, *Champion, N. Y.*
13. Dissertation, "Arnold of Brescia," by GEORGE FRANKLIN VOSE, *Fitch-burg, Mass.*
14. MUSIC, "Spirito gentil."—*Donizetti.*
15. Oration, "Pascal," by HOMER GEORGE NEWTON, *Sherburne, N. Y.*
16. Oration, "Thomas à Becket," by JOHN HASKELL HEWITT, *Preston.*
17. Dissertation, "Character," by ALFRED JUDD TAYLOR, *Huntington, Mass.*
18. MUSIC, "Loreley Rheinklänge."—*Strauss.*
19. Dissertation, "The Relation of Heart to Intellect," by HARRY BROAD-HEAD, *White Lake, N. Y.*
20. Oration, "Bosthius, and 'The Consolations of Philosophy,'" by ARTHUR BURR WOOD, *Middletown, N. Y.*

21. Music, "Organ Duette," from "Stradella."—*Flotow*.
22. Philosophical Oration, "The Alchemy of the Middle Ages," by EUGENE SCHUYLER, *Ithica, N. Y.*
23. Philosophical Oration, "The Sphere of the Skeptic," by HASKET DERBY CATLIN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
24. Music, "Midsummer Night's Dream."—*Mendelssohn*.

AFTERNOON.

1. Music, "Overture. Egmont."—*Beethoven*.
2. Oration in Greek, "Ὁ τοῦ Σωκράτους Φάνατος," by HEZEKIAH WATKINS, *Liberty, N. Y.*
3. Dissertation, "The Cathedral Builder," by JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD, *Boston, Mass.*
4. Dissertation, "Iconoclasm," by CHARLES FRANKLIN ROBERTSON, *Peekskill, N. Y.*
5. Music, "Serenade."—*Schubert*.
6. Dissertation, "The Discipline of Religious Doubt," by TRUMAN AUGUSTUS POST, *St. Louis, Mo.*
7. Oration, "The Clergy of the American Revolution," by GILBERT OTIS FAY, *Medway, Mass.*
8. Dissertation, "The Struggles of the True and Good for the Mastery in the World," by GEORGE HENRY COFFEY, *Albany, N. Y.*
9. Music, "Stradella."—*Flotow*.
10. Poem, "Harvest Home," by EDWARD CHASE SHEFFIELD, *New Haven*.
11. Oration, "The Scottish Highlanders," by GEORGE WELLES, *Wethersfield*.
12. Oration, "Opposition to Tyrants is Obedience to God," by LOUIS HENRY BRISTOL, *New Haven*
13. Music, "Hoamweh."—*Lanner*.
14. Oration, "The House of Commons," by ROBERT JOHN CARPENTER, *Demoerestville, C. W.*
15. Dissertation, "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa," by ELIJAH FRANKLIN HOWE, *Grafton, Mass.*
16. Oration, "Locksley Hall," by THOMAS RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY, *Ovid, N. Y.*
17. Music, "Batti! batti!" from "Don Giovanni."—*Mozart*.
18. Oration, "The Spirit of Anglican Liberty," by ASHER HENRY WILCOX, *Norwich*.
19. Oration, "Simplicity," by ROBERT AUGUSTUS STILES, *Woodford Co., Ky.*
20. Philosophical Oration, "The Antagonism of Principles in the Nineteenth Century," by EDWARD CARRINGTON, *Colebrook*.
21. Music, "Organ Solo with Orchestra," from "Tannhäuser."—*Gagner*.
22. Oration, "Self-discipline, the true end of Intellectual Exertion," with the Valedictory Address, by EUGENE SMITH, *Wilton*.
23. Music, "Overture. William Tell."—*Rossini*.
24. Degrees Conferred.
25. Prayer by the President.

But the great event this year is the vote of the College authorities to construct a gymnasium and bowling alleys, and change the system of prayers.

It is said that a Yankee is never so happy as when he can do a good deed and make money by it.

It is therefore with peculiar satisfaction that we reflect that the \$10,000 appropriated by the Corporation, will probably pay a good per cent. to their pockets, while the rising walls of the new building bear testimony that all is not imagination, but that we are at last to have a suitable place for physical education, which we all of us so much need.

So farewell to the laziness, whose only alternative was the dust and confined air of the old den, we once dignified by the name of gymnasium! Farewell to puny limbs, and haggard faces, and half-strung nerves! And a long farewell and a glad one, to the red, tired eyes of 6 o'clock worshippers, (barbarously so called,) with the whole catalogue of morning miseries, the gaping and yawning, the clothes torn by hurry, the unwashed faces, and uncombed hair, the profane grumbings, the general delapidated and careless, because care-worn negligence, which with dyspepsia and chills were the legitimate offspring of the old system which was so justly condemned as a "sacrilegious abomination." As immediate effects we can observe an attention and decorum in exercises which is as new as it is gratifying. It is especially encouraging to note our position as compared with last year. We had no boat-house, and were forced to content ourselves with the muddy moorings and dusty confusion at Biker's. We had no gymnasium, and those, who for their health or other reasons were determined to practice their muscle, endured vexation as well as extortion. We were scared and tormented at incredible times by the

"Clashing clamors of that unseen power,
That breaks the sweetest sleep of morning dreamiest hour,"

and our best opportunity for boating was interrupted by another course of quasi devotion. We were even driven off the Green, and our remaining home exercise of ball-play was stopped. It seemed as though the spirit of old fogysm had irretrievable possession of all of us. But six months has changed everything. We have as good an apology for a boat-house as the limited facilities of such a dirty harbor can at present afford. We are respectable at prayers, in quantity, time and attention. The gymnasium is actually started, and only yesterday we saw the foot-ball propelled across the Green in spite of the injunction.

Finally, as if to crown the attempts at progress, and more like a prophetic glimpse of what they shall hereafter effect, than to be attributed to their previous influence, came the victory at Worcester.

Being of the six condemned to navy service, we have a full report of course, for the Lit, and although you have learned the principal particulars, the Memorabilia must be complete, and we may give a little novelty in the way of "internal evidence," as the clairvoyants call it. Having for the last time upset and swam ashore with oars and dripping flannel, bearing fresh in mind the memorable order of the Coxswain, "Recover oars," given in the confusion and splashing of seven ducked and provoked, though laughing boatmen—having secured their photographs that we might each remember his fellow-sufferers, linked together by so many a serio comic calamity, with only two holes through the bottom

of our new boat, and one in the decking, with three days practice in her, (which had enabled us to keep her right side up every other mile,) but with good training and resolution we started on the forlorn hope to do our best, and magnanimously sacrifice ourselves to avert the fate of the College Union Regatta, which seemed to be doomed to oblivion if Yale was not represented.

We packed the boat upon the top of a box car, with only one hole additional damage, and the crew dignifiedly took their cushioned seats, determined to spare their muscle if they could not travel on it, and take all reverses in the best temper they could muster, while the coxswain rode with the boat in the hot sun, to take care of it, and sweat off a few more pounds of the superfluous, and we would here explain that it was for this reason and not, as was generally supposed, on account of any inhumanity, that we used to knock about the coxswain as we did.

In Worcester we were, in our humility, almost surprised to find ourselves as well treated as the Harvard men, and when the first man came and offered two to one on the Avon, we did not look upon him as a swindler, but summoned audacity and money enough to take him up.

By the skillful assistance of the Harvard's Captain, Mr. Ellison, (whose kindness we cannot sufficiently commend,) our boat was put in floating condition, and we walked out to the Lake (2 miles) twice a day to practice. Having sufficiently envied the quiet organized method of the Harvard crews, we *did* practice, and on five consecutive occasions succeeded in pulling off five oar-locks. But a new set having been procured, we managed to pull six oars in the race. Meantime, at billiards, Hunnewell and Wilson, of Harvard, with all the coolness of training, had beaten Stanton and Chester, of Yale, who did not so much as condescend to take their cigars out of their mouths during the game. Cole had checkmated our friend Champion, and as though to mock our humility there came a "foin young man" who was, as he said, very skillful at a certain game called checkers, which perhaps some of our younger Freshman friends may remember, as an amusement of their earlier days to keep the nursery quiet. Very anxiously, indeed piteously, did he attempt to discover some Yale or Brown man who would suffer himself to be ragged at that delightful little sport, and in this general defeat we began to wonder why Harvard did not ask us if there was anything we could do better? But the checker man refused to play "hop scotch," or "mumble the peg," so only the race remained. The Atalanta of Brown having arrived, took position on July 26th, Tuesday, P. M., at 4½ o'clock, beside the Avon, of Harvard, the Harvard and the Yale to pull the mile and a half and repeat, over Quinsigamond.

After getting clear of the Avon, which, through accident doubtless, fouled us, we came in about half way between the two Harvard boats, having the double satisfaction of seeing the colors which the Harvard won, and winning for our betting friends the sums which they had staked against the Avon.

Harvard 19' 18"

Avon 21' 18"

Yale 20' 18"

Atalanta 24' 40"

Meantime, it would seem that the Harvard crew had been selected as well for their gentlemanly bearing as for oarsmanship, being even more than polite in their congratulations, assuring us that, in spite of our short practice and the fouling,

we had come in nearer to them than any other boat ever did. In the evening we met at the Promenade Concert, and found Fisk's Cornet Band a decided institution, and what would not a Spoon Committee give for such a hall? There were many pleasant acquaintances made there, as well as in our other meetings, and as the beauty of Worcester and one or two other places was well represented, we may as well confess that all our recollections are not of sun-browned faces or sinewy arms. So the Commodore's commendable exertion hardly succeeded in putting the crew to bed at the regulation hour.

But on Wednesday, the 27th of July, was the final race for prizes offered by the City.

Only the Harvard entered against us, and after drawing the inside, we took position at 22 minutes past 2. The Harvard took the lead, but about a mile up we closed with her and passed her, her bow fouling our starboard oars, but getting clear by a peculiar manœuvre of the coxswain, who catching the Harvard's bow in his hand magnanimously refused to strap it to the Yale's stern, we rounded the stake boat first. The Harvard however turned in splendid style and lapped us before we started on the home stretch. Coming up abreast of us, for more than a mile the race was stem and stem, sometimes one leading a few inches and then the other, the 10,000 spectators along the shore endeavoring to add a degree of intensity to the excitement by cheers and shouts, but to see those red turbans beside us was all we could think of, and men shouted "Pull Yale," or "Pull Harvard," indifferently to us, we hardly heard it. So down the Lake, till, a quarter of a mile from home, Harvard led a clear length, and our stroke which had been, so they tell us, 48 to the minute, began to flag, but as the stroke oar called to us for the final home spirt, we "responded," (how, we cannot one of us tell,) and pulled by Harvard, beating her a length and a half, in Yale 19' 14", Harvard 19' 16", beating our time the day before by 64".

To say that we were excited would be ridiculous. To say that we were mad would be to forget that we never pulled a stroke so steady, or so cool and powerful. But after all our reverses, after continual ridicule and derision, both at home and abroad, to find ourselves in less than twenty minutes the victors of that world-known Harvard crew, to see the famous red turbans tossed overboard, and hear the roaring cheers ring up along the whole length of the Lake, was too sudden a change. We cannot deny that while sedate graduates crowded to meet us, and actually walked into the Lake without knowing where they went, and grey-haired Yale boys spoiled their best beavers as they dashed them together, that the crew who were sitting their frail shell more steadily than ever before, and pulling with an easier swing, were really wilder in their joy than any spectator could be, and felt a keener glow of spirit. And when they crowded up and shook us till they shook out of us what little breath there was left, and almost tore us to pieces, our pride or training even would not have kept our nerves quiet, but that this excitement seemed as nothing compared with the last half mile.

But even in success it was impossible not to regret the disappointment to those who had treated us so handsomely, and took their reverses in so fair and manly a spirit.

It was the last time they were to pull together, a crew and a boat that had never been beaten, who for two years had held the championship of the Continent. They

were to hang up their boat as a trophy in their hall, and separate, but they generously congratulated us and silenced the excuses of the crowd. So the Union Regatta is hereafter a College institution.

The *latter part of the evening* found most of us in the Union Club Rooms, where everything was provided to our taste, and we showed most satisfactorily that we were no longer "on diet." You know what a noise there was in New Haven, how even the sanctity of the College bell was violated, and no one has been expelled for it, and how the gladdest and the wildest were the old patriarchs who should have been most dignified.

The Commodore sends us the following as a specimen of congratulations :

The members of the class of 1844, having had the honor of instituting the first boat clubs in Yale College, deem it appropriate at this, their third class meeting, to present their cordial congratulations to the members of the Yale Navy, upon their recent triumph. May the Institution continue and its success be perpetual.

By vote of the class of 1844.

CHAS. W. CAMP,
JNO. A. DANA.

Yale College, July 28th, 1859.

SAML. D. PAGE, Commodore.

The crew were H. L. Johnson, (stroke,) C. T. Stanton, Jr., J. H. Twichell, H. W. Camp, C. H. Owen, F. H. Colton, averaging 148 lbs., H. Watkins, Coxswain, 110 lbs. If any of us, or if Yale boys at large, make too much of this success, it must be borne in mind that great revulsions are always dangerous.

The election of navy officers for 1859 and '60 resulted in the choice of

H. L. Johnson,	<i>Commodore.</i>
H. B. Ives,	<i>1st Fleet Captain.</i>
C. Coddington,	<i>2nd " "</i>
G. Starr,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

The Statement of Facts was held at Brewster's Hall with the usual eclat—the only new feature of the occasion being a Linonian majority. The annual rush which had in great measure taken the place of the old foot ball game, but was attended by many disadvantages in a narrow street, was killed by a combination of circumstances, and the excitement of the occasion was vented by crowding, rushing and "tremendous applause" in doors.

It would seem preferable to transfer these physical exercises to the turf if possible, rather than to so inconvenient an arena as a small hall, but almost any such open contest and trial of strength and skill has a manliness in it, however rude, that deserves encouragement in providing a better field for its exercise.

The Initiation to Freshmen Societies, attended by the wonted yelling and renewed efforts of "*quondam cornices*" with the still more strenuous exertions of those hornblowers who rejoiced in the newly discovered strength of their lungs, was executed under the State House as usual.

The introduction of electricity, an extremely dangerous but carefully controlled agent, with several fiddles of a great many *horse* power, were the novelties of this occasion. By the orders of the committee and the interference of

some who "had seen the folly of it" the blanket tossing was put an end to, and the next College generation will probably look upon it as one of the "lost arts," or dead barbarisms; in fact we hope that this whole affair of combination initiations will be dropped.

It is well enough to try a candidate's nerve and courage, and in these mock ceremonials to revel in some wild frolics as an occasional break in the monotony of College routine,—but a *Secret Society initiation should be strictly secret*. No outsiders whatever should be allowed even to know of the performances.

But to disgrace men in the streets publicly and even before ladies in their own parlors, is utterly inexcusable. We are confident that no lady would lend herself to such a meanness, who duly appreciated how great and lasting an insult was thus put upon a stranger. Certainly no Arab would permit such a breach of hospitality. Silence too would be far more imposing; nothing would so assist the testing of nerve as an ominous silence. We are glad for once to agree with a town paper—these horns and sheet iron thunderings are ridiculous as well as a bore to ourselves and every one else. At least condense the agony!—there would be some fun in a single burst of yelling. Just think of all the noise of the whole night concentrated in one unearthly blast!—but "now there gets to be an awful sameness in it."

The prosperity of Yale is denoted by her increased numbers. The Librarian, Mr. Gilman, tells us that the total number of students in the four Academic classes exceeds that of former years by fifteen or twenty, and others are waiting to pass conditions. The annual regatta of the Yale Navy was deferred last commencement week on account of the Union regatta; but that it may still be a regular institution is universally desired, and the class of '60 have promised prizes for a race on the 15th inst.

There will be a contest between shells, another between light barges or club boats, and a third for the heavy first class tubs.

Editor's Table.

Our table is well strewed with exchanges and books sent us during the vacation. The New Englander; Triennial Catalogue; new editions of several of Scott's and Dicken's works; The Harvard and Amherst Magazines; Russell's Magazine; The Erskine Recorder, and the North Carolina Magazine; The Printer; The Cosmopolitan Art Journal; Stores Willis' Musical World, and Peterson's Bank Note Detector; it is a great thing to be an editor.

Now as friend Peterson sends us so many standard novels, and as his Detector pronounces all the notes good which we took from our new subscribers, we feel very amiable toward that monthly, and advise all our subscribers to get one and carry all the while and detect as much money as they can. The Lit has adopted it as a standard of bank note valuation, and will willingly accept any

amount of cash which is approved by it, for it is corrected by Drexel & Co., and is only a dollar a year. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Chas. Scribner sends us what should almost be our text book in "Extempore Speaking" a work by Prof. Bautain. It is just the thing—reliable and for a wonder readable.

We would inform the tobacco man who wants to bribe us to publish his circular, that we don't smoke Medicated cigars, and any one who does "must be sick."

Just at present the ordinary graceful *négligé* of the table is broken by the unwonted appearance of the New Haven Morning News and the Oberlin Monthly; it is so unusual for these two periodicals to create a sensation that we hardly know what to think of both of them daring to attack us. Perhaps they trust to the combination. But we will attend to the News first, for it is nearest and most savage—and the Oberlin has waked up a "Theolog," and consequently is dangerous, so we must practice a little on the News.

The News man, be it understood, is somewhat verdant,—he has only published a paper here a year or two and does not exactly understand his business yet. But he has learned that in the horrible death of local intelligence it pays to attack Yale, and send up a squad of small boys to morning recitation to yell "all about Yale College" inasmuch as the frequent two cent purchases materially add to the financial prosperity of his limited enterprise.

Now although the editorials of that sheet do not indicate the deepest thought, we are willing to admit that the editor may have been somewhat disturbed by the statement of facts in the same street with him, especially when as last year, the printers all broke off work to see the fun, (thereby endangering again his finances.)

But this year it was indoors; yet he hearing the noise joyfully shouts "item" and starts for the scene. But alas for his hopes—his frenzied appearance, indicative of verdancy is against him, and with his hat knocked over his eyes and his unsophisticated amazement made doubly ludicrous by his indignation, he is summarily ejected with doubtless the usual application to propel intruders.

We hardly feel disposed therefore to be angry with him for the effusion of bile which disgraces even the columns of the News, and we are not surprised that it pleases his readers, that class of people who are always on the *qui vive* lest the students should enjoy more liberty than themselves, and who bestow upon us less choice epithets than even the News' man's delicate euphonism, "jackasses."

But we would for all that mildly suggest to him that although these little spleen fits of his are perfectly harmless *here*, for their very imbecility—they do not meet with so just an appreciation elsewhere, as in a case immediately before us—an editor in a neighboring city, who knows nothing of affairs here, except from New Haven papers, and a man of less comprehension (if possible), than he of the News, goes into a terrible tirade against what he facetiously terms "Bacchantic rites," "phosphorous" and "masks of corpses." Now we students doubtless are faulty enough, but we would rather take advice than abuse, and take it too from some who show capabilities of a far better judgment and more decent taste than our would-be instructor in Union street.

So we would commend him to "husband his resources" and devote his entire attention to what is so much needed—the improvement of his small paper—

assuring him that although we do not endorse the first half of his favorite Johnsonian maxim, that "every one has a right to say what he chooses," he may convince us that in some cases, at least, "every body else has a right to kick him for it."

But the Oberlin man is a contrast—we can almost see the meek benign air with which he penned "Our Yale Brethren." We would like to be satisfied as to whether he belonged to the "Sen. Col. Class" when he was in the Academy; but however that may be, we thank him for his forbearance in denying "any disposition to glory or to arrogate a moral or literary excellence superior to other journals." We thank him for the compliment, "Our brethren may surpass us in the energies of mind and will which give success to editorial labors, and in the scope and variety of culture and attainment which lend a still higher attraction to intellectual products." We unite with him in his "constantly growing reverence and esteem for the Christian virtues and scholarly attainments of the distinguished gentlemen who compose the Faculty of Yale College," and their "kindest and most paternal feelings;" at least many of these gentlemen deserve such regard.

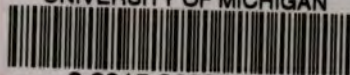
But, unfortunately, he does not preserve a uniformly consistent course; his mildness and fraternal spirit are only equalled by his misrepresentations and unfair wresting of the Lit's arguments—and the peculiarly small and Oberlin-like slur, "the obnoxious article was written by a *Southern* student." He spoils the effect of his flattery by saying "the Lit. for once fell into bad hands," so that even his wish for her future prosperity will hardly make us regret that he has no voice in the election.

Even his "wonder that the Lit. has not publicly regretted" the article he condemns and "repudiated its sentiments," does not in any way excuse the impudent assumption with which he declares that there are "screws loose in the moral machinery" of the Lit., and that it is "lamentably out of joint" or coolly decides "thoroughly untrue," "monstrous."

The article he re-attacks was on the "College Code," an appeal to "the old clannish feeling that binds us together, and which with all its deformities has many stern, manly beauties;" administering a severe and well-deserved rebuke on a recent case of informing, which appeared as contemptible as it was unheard of among us,—but which the high-toned morality of Williams and Oberlin rejoiced at, as the foreshadowing of a more enlightened age.

This position he defended briefly, not only by an appeal to what, in spite of the Oberlin man's shocked disbelief is the general sentiment here—an implicit trust each in the others' good faith, and a universal disgust at tale-bearers; but also by declaring that the Faculty, "exercising arbitrary powers, which they can only defend by vague generalities," are not responsible for our moral actions," and consequently "we are not bound to give to them testimony in any matter concerning our studies." He may have been rash in some expressions in regard to the faculty; but a College government is of necessity "arbitrary" in its very nature and foundation principles. "Paternal" authority can never be delegated—as a College government it can never exist, save in Utopian fancies, and the events of that Fall had justified the word "merciless," from graver and sounder moralists than Oberlin theologians; and nothing does greater honor to

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